Quiescent

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/29115669.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	JOURNAL ENTRY, fantasies, Hannibal Lecter is Infatuated with Will Graham, Manipulation, First Meeting, POV Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Moments
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-31 Completed: 2021-03-11 Words: 5,530 Chapters: 3/3

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by JSinister32

Summary

> Since he had been old enough to pick up a pen, Hannibal had taken a keen interest in compiling his thoughts on paper. It began with scraps of parchment he managed to pilfer from his uncle's study in Lithuania, hidden beneath his mattress once they were completed. He often found his mind drifting as he wrote, only to come to his senses with hours missing and sheafs of prose he didn't remember penning. When his family discovered his proclivities, they supplied him with tools of his own, the admonishments for wasting his uncle's good parchment dying in their throats when they read the accounts of the deaths of his mother and father. Their pity proved to fuel his habits, and the quality of his materials grew exponentially as his habit grew to an art form.

Hannibal Lecter has kept a journal for years, expanding his knowledge by keeping notes on the interesting comings and goings in his life.

For the first time in a long time, he finds need to add an entry to the pages he keeps for his very personal thoughts.

Notes

This story actually lives within another collection. As I've gotten more into writing, I've come to the conclusion that each of these stories deserves a chance to stand on its own, as they're all too different to be kept in chapter form.

I've expanded on it from its original version, given it a little more life. I may actually continue adding to it, just to see where it goes. If it's something you'd enjoy reading, please let me know.

Enjoy, darlings.

Hearts and Body Parts,
JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

First Encounters

Quiescent (adj.) Latin
A quiet, soft spoken soul.

Some habits, even small and innocuous ones, had a tendency to endure without reason. The one Hannibal Lecter planned to indulge in that evening was no exception, although the entries he penned into pages now were far from his childhood goings on. *It makes them no less important, though. Habits become so for a reason, although their importance may lay beyond our own understanding.*

Since he had been old enough to pick up a pen, Hannibal had taken a keen interest in compiling his thoughts on paper. It began with scraps of parchment he managed to pilfer from his uncle's study in Lithuania, hidden beneath his mattress once they were completed. He often found his mind drifting as he wrote, only to come to his senses with hours missing and sheafs of prose he didn't remember penning. When his family discovered his proclivities, they supplied him with tools of his own, the admonishments for wasting his uncle's good parchment dying in their throats when they read the accounts of the deaths of his mother and father. Their pity proved to fuel his habits, and the quality of his materials grew exponentially as his habit grew to an art form.

Somehow through it all, he managed to keep Mischa from being immortalized amidst his journals. It had taken a mental strength that required cultivation when he fell under the hypnotic scratching of his pen to paper, but she remained ensconced in his mind alone, unblemished by her gruesome demise. In his memory palace, the copper pot still reflected the eggplant she kept gripped in her chubby fingers as he bathed her in the gardens of his parents' estate. This is how he wanted her to be remembered, not as milk teeth and bones in the stool of the men that consumed her.

Enough about Mischa. Today is quite significant without being colored by the past.

His particular enjoyment of chronicling his life continued throughout adulthood; now, his methods were much more refined, and often accompanied by detailed drawings of people and places the doctor didn't want to forget. He kept journals of the day to day activities that made up his existence with the keen hope that when he was finally captured, the journal entries would bring some clarity to the events of the catalyst that changed him into the man he had become. When he chose to take up psychiatry as his profession, his habit of a singular notebook for his personal thoughts evolved into keeping multiples; each contained information on various patients and subjects of which he took an interest. He kept them on a shelf in his office, uniform volumes with no labels to give hint to their contents. After much experimentation and several filled volumes, he now only added to his personal journals to memorialize events in his life that had a great impact, altering some fundamental way he thought or behaved. It was rare he had a chance to add to them these days; little about the world surprised him beyond the scenarios he himself created, and those acts had a journal all their own.

After his encounter with the head of Behavioral Sciences of the Bureau, he found himself in the need to mark an event so profound, he wasn't sure that the walls of his memory palace would be able to contain it. His old habit came to mind and with some fond, familiar pleasure, he made his preparations for the evening.

After showering languidly beneath a cascade of hot water, Hannibal donned a comfortable pair of gray sweatpants and his warmer maroon dressing gown, combing his hair back from his face with no product, wishing it to remain as clean and soft as the rest of him felt. He poured himself a glass of deep red wine from the decanter in the kitchen, giving it time to breathe before taking a small sip. He closed his eyes and let the texture and taste of the alcohol roll across his palate, his keen sense of taste picking out the distinct flavors of plum and cherry that were prominent in this particular vintage. He took another sip, leaning into the counter of the darkened space of his kitchen before making his way down the hall and into his office.

Pausing just outside of the door, the doctor took a deep, steadying breath to calm his nerves before entering the room. Although he spent much of his time within, tonight felt almost like a ritual, a symbolic beginning to something larger and more encompassing than he had yet to experience in his life. Closing the door quietly behind him, he left the lights off, allowing the fire that burned in the grate to light his way. Wine in hand, he padded across the familiar room to the desk that took up most of the space on the far end. He took a seat and closed his eyes, allowing himself another moment just to breathe and settle into the mindset he'd need to complete this task.

Bare honesty is best realized in utter solitude and silence.

Hannibal's eyes shuttered open, and without looking, he unlocked the right central drawer of the desk and removed the worn leather bound book from where it had sat for months, unneeded and unopened. Turning on the lamp, he stared at the deep red leather, lost in the memories of the last entry he had needed to pen. When he could no longer hold back, he reached for the box containing his Mont Blanc, uncapping it with the highest reverence he could muster. Breathing deeply, he studied the elegant, looping handwriting on the previous page without really seeing it, and recalled the moments he had spent in the presence of Will Graham, the man he'd met earlier that day. *So much to remember…but how to begin?* A single thought emerged, and Hannibal leaned forward, pen poised above the book.

For almost an hour, the only sound in the room were the minute scratches of nib to paper and the gentle crackle of the fire as Hannibal filled pages with his memories.

Hello again, old friend:

It has been many months since I 've found the need to immortalize my experiences within the safety your pages. As you are aware, my last kill went wholly undiscovered, much to my great disappointment. I believe I may have gotten myself into the poor habit of forgetting the most important aspect of butchering meat: Presentation matters, even when honoring what remains of a carcass. I can only hope the next will be better.

I'm getting distracted. There are much more interesting events for me to lay down amongst your pages, my dearest secret keeper, however I'm finding it difficult to decide where to

begin. What I want to say next feels… trite in comparison with the actual events, as if by writing them down, I am diminishing their importance. I know this is ridiculous, but the feeling remains. I suppose all I can do is write with the hope that some of the magic I've experienced transfers to my inadequate summations.

Today, I met a man to whom I feel myself drawn in ways I am not sure I fully comprehend. Already, my words do not encapsulate what I feel so deeply within. I will do my best to describe him, but I know without a doubt that I will not come close to being able to give voice to who he is in essence. He is law enforcement of a kind, working as a teacher of pathology and profiler for the Behavioral Sciences unit of the Bureau. It is because of the second aspect of his profession that we were introduced, but we will get to that later.

It isn't just his physical appearance that drew me in, although I must confess I caught myself on more than one occasion admiring him the way I would a fine sculpture in Uffizi. He is not exceptionally tall or well built, but there is a certain je nais se quois about his form nonetheless. His face is delightfully expressive, displaying the inner workings within his mind far more often than I believe him to be aware. The deep blue of his eyes betrays his emotions much quicker than any other aspect of his being, although he is not shy about voicing his displeasure, sometimes explosively. I find these reactions deeply endearing and, if I am to be completely honest, equally attractive.

From what Jack Crawford has told me, Will attempts the life of a quiet soul, but I can see so much more than that within him. He has a sense of melancholy about him, a fascinating juxtaposition of true empathic abilities; he 's able to read and feel anything about anyone although he simultaneously attempts to distance himself by entering into a realm of non feeling, non being, a place he's created to escape the nightmares he is forced to experience. When our eyes met, I knew in an instant that he did not want to be there, nor did he wish for me to encroach upon his territory. The ferocity of the second sentiment might have been troublesome, if I didn't find it so exciting. I could feel his eyes boring into me from where I studied the complexities of the collective mind of those assigned to the case, some 15 feet from where he sat. He is not a shy boy, quite willing to voice his displeasure at my presence, especially during our brief conversation. I confess I may have provoked him into speaking to me more openly about his mind than he may have found comfortable, but I believe it will be important to have a foundational understanding of how much he can truly see and feel within those around him. I plan to use this knowledge to help me understand the best way to gain his trust. He left the room in a hurry, but not without lashing out in an attempt to protect his soul from me.

He has yet to understand how much of him I truly want to possess.

I find myself preoccupied with thoughts of him, even now as I sit in my own home, hours after our encounter. We spoke for all of five minutes and, in my own greed, I want to know more about him; everything he has to offer. I want to know how it would feel to break apart his barriers, the forts he so carefully constructs to protect himself from the worst of what he experiences. His force of presence is intoxicating, and I want to preoccupy him beyond assessing and understanding his beautifully broken mind. While I attempted to keep my inquest professional, I could not control the fantasies which entered my mind, nor will I attempt to do so here amongst the safety of your pages.

I want him, as a man wishes to take a lover.

I want very much to discover what would make his mouth fall open in pleasure as his eyes closed, robbing me of his startlingly blue gaze. He seems … starved for human intimacy, and as much the possibility of manipulating him to his darker nature fascinates me, I want to end his suffering in this regard. Familiarity with small gestures will be necessary to ensure he becomes drawn to me for the relief and comfort that touch can provide. From there… if this were a perfect world, I would love to taste his mouth. There is something about his sharp wit, his ability to speak his mind that makes me want to silence him with the brush of my lips. He has a beautifully formed mouth. It was made to be kissed, to be stroked with a thumb as he moans and pants his pleasure. His neck, long and pale, also delights my appreciation for aesthetics. I want to taste his creamy skin, wrap my hand around the side of his neck, bring him close so that I may tempt him to indiscretions.

He has an exquisitely proportioned form, a body that I would enjoy uncovering. While I long to see him in a three piece suit … something rich and dark, well fitted with many pieces made for peeling and casting aside, I found myself enjoying the simplicity of his style of dress. He did not feel the need to impress with fashion. He exists within his sphere, comfortable in his own space. His hair is a delightfully disarrayed tumble of curls, dark in color, adding contrast to the pale color of his eyes. I want to plunge my hands into it, control our kiss with the gentle tug of my fingers. It looks as if it would be soft to the touch. I'm sure he would like massages to his scalp, fingers running gently through his curls in the wake of shared passion. I relish the very thought of the mutual discovery of the things he might enjoy. I confess, I also envision using his hair to control his mouth as he brings me pleasure, folded to his knees before me, his eyes holding my gaze as if in supplication. I had the misfortune of fantasizing about this particular act while we were discussing the Shrike case today, much to my own embarrassment. I had to cover the direction of my thoughts with probing questions into his psyche, a way of avoiding admittance of desiring a different type of probing altogether. He has a mouth made for kissing, for fucking, for passion and emotion. It will be difficult to keep those thoughts to myself but I endeavor to try, at least until the time when I can make my intentions towards him crystal clear.

He will be mine.

Jack has asked me to speak with him, evaluate his mental health to ensure he is able to perform the duties of his position, including any and all needs the Bureau chooses to lay unfairly at his feet. It assuages dear old Jack 's conscience to know that someone else will be ensuring that Will's psychological stability is sound enough that he can chase the killers Jack cannot hope to catch without him. While I do not believe it to be in Will's best interests, I will indulge this request for now, simply to ensure we spend more time with one another. If the Bureau can be selfish, so can I.

Tomorrow, I am to pick him up at home so we can work through the Shrike case together, but he doesn't know that just yet. I believe I will surprise him with breakfast. It is after all, the most important meal of the day, and I doubt Will sees many good meals grace his table. Perhaps with time, that is something I can work towards correcting. To see how he reacts, I shall add some sausage from my own personal butchering to his meal. There is debate amongst many psychological researchers on the effects of eating human flesh, knowingly or

unconsciously. I would like the chance to observe what he thinks of the taste, the texture of the meat as he consumes it. Should it be favorable, as I hope it will be… Will may be a creature beyond my wildest imaginings.

A man can hope, old friend. A man can hope.

The Shrike and the Sacrifice

The fire burned low, casting its warm glow into the shadows of his office. Hannibal found himself once again at his desk, penning amongst the pages he'd spent so much time avoiding in the recent months. A glass of wine glistened at his elbow, but the doctor ignored it in favor of capturing the events of the day before they could slip away.

Minutes melted away to hours and still he wrote, pausing only to add a log to the fire to keep away the chill of the cold October air that pressed around him like a velvet hand. He returned to his work, his elegant script winding from page to page as he relived the best day he'd seen in many years.

Memory suffices only when no other method can be provided, but for him … only the written word will do.

*

My Dearest Secret Keeper:

Who could have possibly suspected that I would be writing again within a day? I am working diligently to prevent my hands from shaking as I pen these words within your pages, but I must confess it 's difficult to contain my excitement. The events of today surpassed my wildest expectations.

When I arrived at Will 's home with my meal in hand, the dear man answered the door in nothing but a clinging and fabled white t shirt and boxer shorts. His eyes appeared haunted, as if he had just been roused from a series of unpleasant dreams. Perhaps he got a better view of the woman I mounted in the field. He was distraught, and smelled of a delicious mix of fear and sleepy warmth. I would have felt a touch of pity for him had it not been for the deeply uncomfortable stare with which he provided me upon opening the door. Clearly, he had been expecting someone else, but it was not to be.

Our eyes met for only the briefest of moments, but I know he saw more to me than what I appear. The fleeting glance was thrilling; I felt trapped and delightfully free, juxtaposed by what he saw and the secret knowledge of myself that he is, as of yet, completely unaware.

I prepared the protein scramble for him. The sausage wasn 't from the girl in the field; I only took her lungs, which seemed too fresh and tender a cut to leave behind. Since it has to be so carefully prepared, I chose from a selection I had stored previously, which has aged to its optimal flavor profile. It was the right decision; the meal was exquisite.

My dear friend, he called it delicious. He was still chewing on the meat when the word spilled from his lips. Normally, I 'd find it unspeakably rude to talk with one's mouth full, but

something about the surprised delight in his face took my breath, and I could do nothing but watch with carefully concealed satisfaction as he continued to devour the food upon his plate.

I believe he would have licked it clean if he didn't believe I would have frowned upon it.

We talked, or rather, I talked at him, while we ate. I feigned an apology for my actions yesterday in an attempt to gauge his reactions to my probing into his pathology. He bristled at first, insisting we keep the conversations between us professional, but it did not take long for me to coax out of him a far more genuine rejoinder than the placid disinterest with which he first presented me. All I had to do was mention his affinity with those who have taken lives, and he bloomed. He already sees so much of what I have done, but does not know to put my face to the crime that has been committed. He could see that the girl whose lungs I ingested did not belong to the Shrike; my experiment proves conclusively that he understands me far better than I dared hope. There is so much in him, a vast, fulfilling darkness I could coax to the surface if given time. I even hinted to him the violence I can see lurking within him … but he refused to take the bait. For now.

There is one part of today of which I am not particularly confident. I made a decision that may prove more rash and impulsive than I usually allow myself to be. We made our way to a construction site and, following Will 's logic and the evidence gathered from the body of the girl that had been returned to her bed, we searched through the personnel files of any men that might fit the Shrike's psychological profile. Will's keen sense of the monsters allowed him to see past the mundane, and within minutes upon our arrival, he found the only file that held anything of interest.

I can only be so much of a white knight. I called the number contained within the file and warned the man, one Garrett Jacob Hobbs, that we were coming for him. I wanted to see how Will reacts to violence when presented with no way to escape it, nobody for him to hide behind. I wasn't disappointed.

We arrived at the Shrike 's nest to find his wife on the front porch. Her neck had been slit almost completely in two, and the duration since it occurred had been long enough that there was no saving her. Will's instincts proved to be on point; this man was, in fact, the one for which they'd been searching. I watched her bleed out until the light left her eyes, giving Will enough time to confront the man within.

By the time I entered the home, it was over. Garrett Jacob Hobbs, the Minnesota Shrike, did not live up to his namesake. Absolutely and completely ordinary, he faced down his death with no more dignity than I could have imagined from a man like him. Will was splattered in blood, flecks of red coating his face and neck in a fine mist. He 'd been very close to the other man when he'd died; ten bullets had rendered Hobbs's insides to liquid. I did not have the opportunity to inspect his back, but I'm sure it would have been comprised of so much meat by the time Will was finished firing. Seeing him there, shaking on the ground, his muscles tightly compacted with adrenaline… it took my breath. He is so beautiful, made more so when surrounded by violence and gore.

Within the protection of his arms, Will held a girl; the Shrike 's daughter. Her neck had also been cut, but she was fighting for her life, struggling to breathe. Will quite literally held her

mortality in his hands, and he was shaking so badly, she could have been lost. When my awe of the scene melted away, I took over for him, replacing his trembling compression with my own steady hands. Will shook beside me, his breaths coming hot and unsteady, puffing across my skin, watching me as I saved the girl now relegated to my embrace. My many years as a doctor came back to me as if they'd only ended yesterday and in the end, I was responsible for saving her life.

Although concerned with Will 's state of mind, I knew he'd manage to make it home without my assistance. Instead, I rode to the hospital with Abigail. I do not understand it, but I felt an almost overwhelming need to ensure she lives. I waited as they bandaged her, and took up residence in her room as soon as I was permitted. I must have fallen asleep at some point; when I woke, Will had taken the seat beside us and was staring at the broken girl on the bed as if she was everything.

Perhaps she will be my ticket to bonding with my wayward profiler. He seems invested in her wellbeing; I also feel this pull. She 's awakened a latent paternal instinct within me of which I was previously unaware. In addition, shared interests can help create camaraderie. This theory is thoroughly worth investigating.

I believe Will has proven his worth to the FBI. If Jack Crawford has his way, he will turn from fine china to an ordinary cup; a tool that is used and rinsed without truly ensuring it 's clean. I have planted the seed of an evaluation within the agent's mind. I can only hope he takes my advice, giving me the opportunity to get close, wholly without the need to provide a motive. Neither man would suspect a thing.

A final note: Tonight, as I shower … I may revisit the image of Will in his t shirt and boxers. It was quite the evocative sight, one I'd very much like to experience under different circumstances. I hope to have the benefit of taking him apart… in more ways than one.

The Incident With the Mushroom Fields

"Goodnight, Will. I hope the evening treats you well." Hannibal watched his patient make his way through the outer door before closing the door to his office. He took a deep, steadying breath and leaned into the heavy wood, fighting the urge to call the profiler back into the intimacy of his workplace. Their discussion after Abigail's near miss had been illuminating, filling Hannibal with more hope in a relationship than he had felt… *How long has it been, exactly?*

The doctor watched the fire, perusing his memory palace in search of any other time he had felt quite so captivated with another human being; it took him longer than it should have, all things considered. *Then again, most days, the doors that lead me to Mischa stay firmly locked.* When at last he heard Will's car start down the road and away from his building, Hannibal crossed to the fireplace and added another log for the flames to consume. The bright orange and pale yellow of the fire reflected momentarily in his maroon and gold gaze, relegating him to what appeared to be the pits of Hell.

Instead of taking a seat at his desk, the doctor collected his journal from beneath the false shelf built into his desk drawer, gathering with it his favorite Mont Blanc and a glass of respectably aged Merlot. Tonight, he felt indulgent; languid as a cat in a patch of yellow sunlight, and eager to capture the feeling before it slipped away. Settling comfortably into his chair by the fire, he opened the heavy leather bound cover and began to write.

*

Hello, my old friend:

I find myself needing to confide in your pages far more often now than in any other period of my long life. Had I known that the man whose care with which I am now entrusted would bring about such desires, I would have sought to rebuild my night stand at home, hiding you there amongst my more intimate belongings. Alas, I am not certain that our familiarity is such just yet that it would feel proper, but it would ensure I would be able to make it home at a much more decent hour. Instead, I still relegate myself before the fire in my office, feeling his presence long after he has taken his leave.

Mr. Graham just left my care not a half hour ago, and already I ache to see him once again. I can feel us drawing close; circling one another like sharks in search of blood. He is beguilingly unaware of his own inclinations towards violence; I find myself delighted to be his guide into the darker recesses of his mind. I seem to hold the lantern aloft for him to see his way, but at any given moment I would be able to steal away into the shadows, leaving him to fight his way back to the surface alone. I do not believe he will come away from our experiences together unchanged; those minor shifts to who he is at his core will help shape him into his true self. Should he stay within my care, we will emerge from the depths side by side and better for it; of that I have no doubt.

Onto our session today.

Will has saved our young Abigail, the young and desperate soul that has yet to awake from the traumatic experience of her parents ' death. She seems physically strong, yet her mind refuses to guide her back towards the painful reality consciousness will surely provide. Instead, she hides for now, kept away from dear old Jack and his prying questions, the eyes of those who seek to condemn her for the crimes of her father. Unfortunately, her state almost lost her the life she so clings to, as she was not in a position to call for help when a mildly interesting pharmacist with a habit of growing mushrooms from living fertilizer he procures by changing the medication of his diabetic patients to a chemical compound that induces diabetic ketoacidosis, came for her in hopes of adding her to his collection. Eldon Stammets, the man in question, is under the delusion that he will be able to further understand minds to which he has no connection by creating a fungal network that mirrors the neural pathways of the mind. He seeks some kind of kinship that he is not finding within his human relationships; if he were my patient, we may have made a breakthrough in this regard. I may have learned a great deal more about cultivating a mushroom garden as a bonus.

But I digress.

Will was able to walk the paths of this man 's mind with some assistance from myself; when I broached the fact that Doctor Stammets sought to understand the connection between the branching networks of the mind that were so similar to those in his garden, Mr. Graham tried to tell me the mind doesn't reach for another the way a garden of fungus would. I reminded him that his, in fact, does and the smile he gave me… is it possible that my affections towards this man could increase exponentially from a single glance, a show of teeth that has so beguiled me that I am sitting here, still thinking of it? I have yet to put my finger on what it is about his pensive good looks that so draws me forward, but I cannot deny that my stomach filled with the nervous energy of emotional endearment at the sight of that smile. He is classically handsome to be sure, but it is the force behind the beauty of his profile that creates the balance between his purity and the darkness beneath.

When he came to me today, it was to inform me that Abigail had been placed in danger by none other than Miss Freddie Lounds of the tabloid TattleCrime. She and I are already at odds with one another; she has proven herself to be far beyond resourceful when it comes to procuring information, regardless of rules and legality. She brazenly booked an appointment under a false name in an attempt to record the conversations Will and I were having in hopes of continuing the narrative that he is mentally unbalanced. She was relying on my lack of familiarity with her face; unfortunately for her, I am a fan of her newspaper, if it could be called such a thing. She was inconceivably rude, and spent the time before her false appointment in the waiting room with a digital recorder held to my door. I have since made her delete all she had managed to obtain, and have made it quite clear that should she attempt such a thing again, she will meet with an outcome she will not enjoy. She would not be my first infamous meal, yet I have an inkling that her meat would prove to be as tough and bitter as she herself is.

Will managed to save our surrogate child, but not without great risk to himself. He came to me after, a little broken inside; appearing for his appointment with the hope that I would be able to ease his mind from the moral struggle of his actions. I could smell the gunpowder

residue on the tips of his fingers; it mingled pleasantly with the adrenaline soaked sweat at his hairline. The scent was utterly alpha male; it took much of my own considerable restraint to prevent me from reaching for him. At this juncture, I do not believe physical contact would endear the profiler to me, but I do not rule it out in the future. He is skin starved; so in need of a real human connection that is pours from every cell in his body, begs from the very depths of his soul. He confided in me that shooting Mr. Stammets felt right, justice served … and that he liked killing Garret Jacob Hobbs. It caught my very breath for him to admit such intimate details aloud, words for only my ears and mind to process. He is beginning to trust me, and he is in need of a safe place to land when the darkness threatens to overtake his gentler nature. I could have kissed the confession from his lips; instead, I likened him to God and his casual cruelty. My dear friend, he seemed to understand my metaphor, no matter how clumsy it felt when mingled with my enthusiasm for his confession.

Will Graham is capable of using his empathy disorder to tap into the darkness that resides within him. The seed has already been planted by Jack 's insistence that he actively return to the field. I endeavor to help it grow, if only to see how truly deadly he can become.

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